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Charlotte Carrington Richard ca 1775-1830
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union had their words printed
in 1800 for the support of
subscriptions the year 1800
Mrs. Aiken Mrs. Barlow
and



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P O E M S

ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS,

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.



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P O E M S

WRITTEN ON

DIFFERENT OCCASIONS,

BY

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

To which is prefixed

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,

Together with the reasons which have led to their publication,

by the Editor,

CATHARINE CAPPE.

Printed by Subscription

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

IF the sole object of the Editor had been to relieve pecuniary distress, by bringing forward one instance more, in addition to many others, of considerable talents, developed under circumstances the most unfavourable, many of the pieces which now form a part of the present selection, would not have been obtruded on the public. But she had a further, and as it appears to herself, a more important object in view—she has wished, by examples drawn from real life, more powerfully to impress the mind of the Reader with the great efficacy of religious principle ; to exhibit its importance in calling forth latent energies, in preserving the human character from the contagion of vice, that most fatal of all contagions, and to demonstrate, that there is no affliction so

severe, as totally to preclude the admission of its salutary and consoling influence ; no situation so mean and abject, not even that of a common poorhouse, as wholly to deprive its favoured possessor of true and genuine respectability of character.

A specimen of the following poems, together with an outline of the writer's history, was sent by the Editor to several of the periodical publications in September last ; but as it may happen that some of the generous Subscribers to this little work, may not have seen this account ; as some knowledge of the disadvantages under which the Author has laboured, may be necessary as an apology for the inaccuracies to be met with in her compositions ; and as this information is essential to the demonstration already adverted to, it will not be deemed altogether unnecessary to travel once more over the same ground.

CHARLOTTE SMITH was born in the year 1775, under circumstances the most unfavourable; and it is probable, that whatever in her character or subsequent conduct may have been deserving of praise, has owed its origin to religious impressions, early made upon her mind by the pious conductors of a Sunday-school. By these she was soon distinguished for her uncommon quickness, docility, and great desire of information; and on this account, at their entreaty, was admitted when she was twelve years old, into the Grey-coat School in this city, a vacancy happening at that time out of due course. Here she had little opportunity of mental progress; the girls educated in that school, being intended for working servants, are kept very close to those occupations which may best prepare them for their future destination. They are indeed taught to read and write, but it is only a very small portion of

their time that is allotted to this purpose.—The Sunday is their only day of rest from manual labour, and this was seized upon with avidity, by the energetic mind of the poor girl we are describing. At church she was so attentive an hearer, that she brought away in her memory, whether from the Scriptures she heard read there, or the Sermon afterwards preached, many a serious admonition or moral document, which were faithfully treasured up for future use.

In her 16th year, she left the School and went to service, and in a very few months afterwards lost her Mother, whose death she very feelingly laments in the first piece of the following selection, her earliest attempt at any thing like regular composition*. She

* It is very remarkable, that at this time she had never read any poetry, (if such indeed it can be called) except the com-

was not fortunate in her first services, neither in the characters of the masters and mistresses, nor of the associates among whom she was thrown—and under these perplexities, what had formerly in the Grey-coat School been a matter of taste and of mental gratification, became afterwards the means of her safety, and the source of her highest consolation.

Among the many hardships to which she was now subjected, one of the most distressing was, the not having time allowed on the Sunday to attend public worship. In one service, where she remained a year, she was never at church, the whole time; and in another which succeeded it, only once during a like

mon version of the psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins. Such being the sole prototype, surely the comparative excellence of the copy produced, is very astonishing.

period*. Under this privation, the little storehouse of a faithful memory became peculiarly important; here were treasured up, pieces of sermons, a few scraps of poetry, and proverbs of wisdom for the conduct of life; and to these she made additions, whenever she had opportunity, by reading her Bible, the *Whole Duty of Man*, the interesting allegory of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Gastrell's Christian Institutes*, formerly given her as a reward, by the conductors of the Sunday-school. To this storehouse, and to these books, she retired for comfort, as to so many faithful

* The Editor cannot pass over these facts, without animadverting on the great reprehensibility of this and of similar conduct in the masters and mistresses of families,—the folly of it as it respects themselves, and the extreme criminality as it respects the welfare of those committed to their care. With what face can they expect that their servants should be sober and vigilant, faithful and obedient, if they keep them ignorant, as far as it is in their power so to do, that they are moral agents and accountable creatures?

friends, when the labours of the day were finished ; and hence probably acquired that constant habit of looking beyond the present scene, to a future and better state of things, which is the prominent idea in almost all her little compositions.

In the year 1796, she was preferred to the station of Cook-maid in the respectable family of a widow lady, where her condition was in many respects greatly improved,—she had somewhat more leisure for mental cultivation, had access occasionally on the Sunday, to a small selection of books, and took her turn regularly of attending public worship with her fellow female-servant. During this period, her only brother, become a cripple by a blow he had received during infancy, after a long series of cruel usage from an unfeeling mistress, the wife of the shoemaker to whom he had been bound

apprentice, was taken to the poorhouse in this city. Here, without a relative or friend, save his afflicted sister, he looked forward with tranquillity and composure to that event, which would speedily terminate a short life, marked through its whole progress with sorrow and suffering. His patience and resignation were so exemplary, that the master and mistress of this motley mansion, loved him as their son ; he was attended, whenever she could obtain leave of absence, by his sorrowing sister, who procured for him from time to time every little comfort she could afford, and which the circumstances of his situation could not otherwise supply ; till at length, his dying bed supplied a scene, not merely of patient resignation, but of humble confidence and joyful hope, from which the favoured sons of rank and opulence might derive many a serious and important lesson. Her affection for

this beloved brother did not terminate here—she borrowed two guineas of her mistress, which were afterwards faithfully repaid, to procure for him a decent funeral*. Not long after this event, Charlotte Smith left that family, and went to live with a second

* I am aware that this effort will by some readers be attributed to reprehensible pride, rather than to laudable feeling; but I think we should separate between the natural effects of that affection, which must attach even to the remains of an object tenderly beloved, and which seeks to console itself by paying every outward mark of respect in its power, and that foolish desire of an expensive funeral, so unimportant to the dead, and, in many instances, so very ruinous to the living. Even here, however it would surely be the part of wisdom rather to regulate, than to aim at extirpating the principle on which it proceeds; namely, that of being respectable in the eyes of others. I am told by an ingenious friend, who made a tour in the north of Scotland, last summer, that it is not uncommon when a young couple marry in the highlands, and retire to their straw-thatched cabin, with scarcely a chair to sit upon, that the first ~~decent~~ occupation of the bride, is to spin—not for their future more decent apparel—not for wages to purchase a few necessaries, but, for a winding sheet! Here, it is not the principle, but the application of it that is absurd and ridiculous—a decent funeral is their point of honour—accus-

widow lady, where, having money frequently given her to attend the theatre, she saved it from time to time, and increased her small library, by the purchase of Gray's Poems, Goldsmith's Poems, and the Death of Abel. Here she had a considerable increase of wages—but she had likewise, from the peculiar circumstances of the family, a great increase of difficulties and anxiety, under some of which, many of the devotional pieces which form a part of this little volume, were composed.

In the month of October, 1802, she married a shoemaker of the name of RICHARDSON; and as they had long been mutually

toned from infancy to extreme poverty, no stigma attaches to the appearance; but not to be buried according to ancient use and custom, and in the manner of their ancestors, would be a disgrace, which nothing could overcome.

attached to each other, and he had some property of his own, which enabled them to open a little shop, she appears to have attained to the very summit of her wishes. But this state of unhopèd-for prosperity, proved nothing more than a transient gleam—not long after their marriage, she was attacked by an illness which for some weeks threatened her life, and scarcely was she recovered, when her husband showed alarming symptoms of a pulmonary consumption. As is usual in that disorder, hope and fear for many months were alternately the attendants on the sick couch, till at length all expectation of recovery vanished ; the patient took his bed, and under these trying circumstances, the afflicted wife became a mother. When the infant was two months old he lost his father. The Editor of these papers saw the patient sufferer near the approach of his last moments, his wife

hanging over him, wiping the dew from his exhausted frame, with a look of unspeakable anguish; and a pious clergyman who frequently visited them when under these very trying circumstances, bears ample testimony to the fortitude, humble resignation, and exemplary conduct of both *. For some months the infant appeared healthy, and was remarkably lively and intelligent for his age; but at length, he too became the victim of disease, and it was, when she was labouring under the almost overwhelming pressure of this accumulated sorrow, that the Editor first became acquainted with the poetical talents of the Author.

By what is usually called an accident, but in stricter language, by the occurrence of one of those circumstances, which how-

* The Rev. J. Graham.

ever trivial they may appear at the time, will afterwards be found by a careful observer, to be a sort of master key fitted to unlock the future current of events, the little piece, entitled, "He Sleeps," was put into my hands. Struck with the piety of the sentiments, affected by the pathos with which they are expressed, and utterly astonished at the neatness, not to say elegance of the composition, it excited in my mind a new interest for the writer: I made further inquiry, and found, to my no small surprise, that she had long been in the habit of putting down in measure the genuine effusions of a very feeling heart; and she afterwards brought me a whole book of manuscript poems, from which the following selection is taken. Determining to make the attempt of publishing by subscription for her benefit, an outline of her history, together with a specimen of her

poetry, was sent to the Gentlemen's, European, Monthly, and Lady's Magazines, and to Mrs. Trimmer's Guardian of Education, together with proposals for printing, &c. Messrs. Johnson, Hatchard, and Mawman, having had the kindness to allow their names to be mentioned as receiving subscriptions in London. The very respectable list of Subscribers annexed, will fully evince the success of the proposal, and will at the same time give the truest pleasure to the benevolent mind; to that heart of sensibility which, too frequently distressed by the exhibition of vice and folly, delights to repose itself, like the weary traveller, upon the Oasis in the desert, on those brighter spots in the human character which so strikingly display its divine original!

The Reader will rejoice to be informed, that the infant for whose safety he will have

sympathized in the feelings of the afflicted mother, is now nearly quite recovered, and that by the aid of the subscriptions, towards which he himself has generously contributed, she will hereafter be established in a school for their joint support.—He will also be struck and affected by the calm composure with which an Orphan Youth in a poor-house could meet death;—an unequivocal proof of that true elevation of character, which Christian hopes, and Christian promises, engrafted on Christian virtues, is competent to inspire ! Who would not labour to form such a character in themselves, who would not earnestly desire that it should be formed in others ?

What would have been the consolation to Charlotte and her suffering brother—to Charlotte and her dying husband, had they been informed by some of our profound philosophers, that the concourse of atoms which

by chance had been united by chance had been vivified—were now by chance, about to be dissolved—the vivifying principle, by chance, about to be annihilated? What would have been their sensations, if in the moment of separation they had been informed, that they were now to be separated for ever?—Would they not have exclaimed in the bitterness of their souls, with the eastern Sage of antiquity—Depart from us we beseech ye, miserable comforters are ye all!

I have endeavoured to select from the manuscripts of the Author, those pieces principally which are connected with her own peculiar circumstances. The analysis of a sermon or of a lecture turned into verse, (of which there are several) whatever powers of mind they may display in the simple artificer, would create little interest in that of the Reader.

It has been no consideration with me, that the creed of Charlotte Richardson differs, in some points materially, from my creed*. Having been precluded by her situation from the possibility of examining the doctrines of Scripture for herself, she believes that system of Christianity which she has been taught, and how should she do otherwise? What! although in some of her speculative opinions I may deem her mistaken, may I not therefore honour, as it deserves, her piety towards God; her resignation to his will; her firm dependence upon the promises of his gospel; her integrity in professing what she believes to be true; and

* Let it not hence be imagined the Editor means to affirm, that she considers error in matters of opinion as of no importance; she believes on the contrary that, "What a sound eye is to the body, such, and more, is a well-informed judgment to the man—a faithful guide, a watchful guardian, the source of refined and various pleasures." See an excellent Sermon on the value of truth and danger of error, by the late Rev. J. KENRICK, of Exeter.

her entire conviction of the extreme importance of a virtuous and holy life exemplified in the practice of every personal and social duty? In these principles she is not mistaken, and they are of the very essence of the gospel.—These principles, if acted upon as well as believed, are in my mind fully competent to conduct “the way-faring pilgrim to the promised land.” I consider them as the only real discriminating characteristics of the true and genuine disciples of one and the same heavenly Master, and as the only indispensable qualifications of those whom he will hereafter acknowledge as his own; and who with him, will eventually take possession of that glorious kingdom, prepared for them before the foundation of the world, in whatever church, or sect, or party, they may happen to be found.

CATHARINE CAPPE.

York, Jan. 10, 1806.

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P O E M S.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A TENDER INDULGENT MOTHER,
WHO QUITTED A WORLD OF SIN AND SORROW, ON
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1790. AGED 40.

THE night was still, the sky serene,
The warblers ceased to play ;
When slowly o'er the churchyard green,
Sad Lucy took her way.

‘ Ah! hapless maid,’ she wept and cried,
‘ Of friends thou art bereft ;
‘ Soon as thy tender parent died,
‘ An Orphan thou wert left.’

‘ With sighs I still recall the scene,
 ‘ When she was torn away;
‘ My heart was fill’d with anguish keen,
 ‘ With sorrow and dismay.’

“ Adieu,” she cried, “ my children dear,
 “ May Heaven prosper you !
“ Should fortune prove to you severe,
 “ Still, let your ways be true.

“ In God place all your confidence,
 “ And make his word your guide ;
“ He will protect your innocence,
 “ And for your wants provide.

“ Then when in heaven next we meet,
 “ Free from all care and pain ;
“ My happiness will be complete—
 “ We ne’er shall part again !”

‘ No more she said ; for icy Death
 ‘ His hand upon her laid ;
‘ With smiles she then resign’d her breath,
 ‘ The debt of Nature paid.’

‘ For ever will my streaming eyes,
 ‘ With ceaseless tears o’erflow ;
‘ All worldly pleasure I despise,
 ‘ My heart is fill’d with woe.’

In plaintive tone the artless maid
 Thus did her loss bemoan,
As pensive thro’ the lonely shade
 She bent her footsteps home.

THE
ORPHAN'S PRAYER,

WHEN DISTRESSED BY GREAT UNKINDNESS,

IN THE YEAR 1792.

WHAT, tho' wordly friends may frown,

Why should I dejected be?

Father, let thy love be known,

Let me find my all in thee!

Never let my soul despair,

God will hear the Orphan's prayer.

The child of Sorrow long I've been,'

And often for unkindness mourn'd,

A friendless Orphan, poor and mean,

And by the proud and wealthy scorn'd :

Oft did their scorn my bosom tear,

Yet God still heard the Orphan's prayer.

Earthly comforts fade and die,
Sorrows oft our joys attend,
But, whilst we on God rely,
He will prove a faithful friend ;
On him I'll cast my every care,
For he regards the Orphan's prayer.

Wean me, Lord, from earthly love,
Let my thoughts ascend on high :
Where my Saviour sits above,
Thither may my wishes fly.
In all my wants may I repair
To him that hears the Orphan's prayer.

And when my spirit quits her clay,
And enters on a world unknown,
In yon bright realms of endless day,
Jesus thy trembling servant own :
When thou in glory shalt appear,
Remember then the Orphan's prayer.

EPITAPH

ON ELIZABETH HUBY, AGED 16, 1792.

STAY, traveller, and hither turn thine eye,
Here youth, and innocence, and beauty lie :
Short was her passage through this vale of woe,
In youth's gay prime, death gave the fatal blow.
Resign'd she died, in hopes ere long to raise
Her voice, to sing her great Redeemer's praise.

PRAYER

FOR SAFETY AND PROTECTION.

MY God, to thee my voice I raise ;
Thy ever watchful eye
Can lead me thro' life's dang'rous ways *,
And every want supply.

Teach me thy precepts to observe,
By them to guide my way ;
O may I never from them swerve,
But thy commands obey !

* The Author was at this time in her 19th year, and was thrown amongst associates whose example and conversation were in every respect low, corrupt, and ruinous. EDITOR.

A portion of thy grace impart,
Which all may freely share ;
O write thy laws within my heart,
And plant thy statutes there !

If evil tempt, or sin assail,
And I no comfort see ;
Thy grace, still mighty to prevail,
Will set the captive free.

For thou hast sworn not to forsake
Those who on thee depend ;
Them for thine own thou lov'st to take,
And save them to the end.

Preserv'd by thee from every snare
I may securely rest ;
Defended by thy guardian care,
In thy assistance blest.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY AND BELOVED BROTHER,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE,

JAN. 3, 1799, AGED 22.

WHAT piercing sorrow penetrates the heart,
When Death, relentless, tears our joys away !
When the barb'd arrow strikes the vital part,
What poignant griefs the tortur'd bosom sway !

Yet I, alas ! this anguish keen have prov'd,
Which blighted all my joys and laid them low ;
Sever'd, by death, from him I truly lov'd,
My brother ! still for thee my tears shall flow.

Still, still for thee, those fond regrets shall rise,
And still for thee, shall flow th' unbidden tear,
While oft remembrance, to my mental eyes
Shall bring the form of him I lov'd so dear !

Sweet suff'ring saint, thy virtues well I knew ;
 Mild as the summer breeze that waves along,
 Candid, and just, in all thy dealings true,
 Cautious, and fearful still of doing wrong !

Religion held her empire o'er thy mind,
 With holy Hope and Charity divine,
 She bade thee, in affliction be resign'd,
 Nor at thy earthly trials, e'er repine.

She taught thee, how to bear Affliction's rod,
 The bitter pains of sickness to sustain ;
 She bade thee, bow submissive to thy God,
 Nor at thy Maker's will, dare to complain.

No guilty thought e'er stain'd thy spotless mind,
 Thy blameless life from every vice was free ;
 Content and patient, pitying and kind,
 Each sacred virtue was combin'd in thee !

Though pale disease oppress thy feeble frame,
And many a pang thy tortur'd form endur'd ;
Yet still thy heart maintain'd its holy flame,
Still in thy Saviour's love, thou wert assur'd.

Early depriv'd of fond maternal care
To soothe thy sorrow and assuage thy pain,
Yet thy lov'd sister in thy griefs could share,
And her affection, calm'd thy heart again.

O, best of brothers, from thy blest abode
Still view thy sister with an angel's love !
Direct and guide her in the ways of God,
That she may meet thee in the realms above !

In that dread hour, when earthly joys shall fade,
When I, th' appointed course of life have trod,
Guide me, blest spirit ! through Death's awful shade,
Then waft my soul to heaven, to meet my God !

ON

MY RECOVERY FROM SUDDEN ILLNESS,

NOV. 18, 1800.

“ PRAISE THE LORD O MY SOUL !—WHO REDEEMETH THY
“ LIFE FROM DESTRUCTION, AND WHO CROWNETH
“ THEE WITH LOVING KINDNESS AND TENDER MERCY.”

PSALM ciii. 1—4.

ETERNAL ruler of the sky,
Who dost our various wants supply,
In whom we live and move ;
O hear thy humble suppliant's pray'r,
And deign to make me still thy care,
And perfect me in love !

When low my drooping head reclin'd,
When doubts and fears perplex'd my mind,

I then thy aid implor'd :

Thou heardst, O God, my feeble pray'r,
Reliev'd my mind of all its care,

And soon my health restor'd !

O while I shall my life enjoy,
Grant that I may that life employ,

In works of righteousness :

Give me my sinful state to see,
And draw me nearer still to thee,

And fill my soul with peace !

Then when this mortal life is past,
And Death, with friendly hand, at last

Shall close my weary eyes,

May guardian angels round me stand,
And bear my soul at thy command,

To yonder blissful skies !

ADDRESS TO RELIGION.

COME, blest Religion, with thy aid divine,
 O come and heal this sick'ning heart of mine !
 Chase every earthly passion from my breast,
 And let my drooping soul in thee find rest :
 O come, and in my heart erect thy throne,
 There reign without a rival—reign alone !
 Teach me to view the world and all its joys
 As empty shadows and delusive toys ;
 Let not its fleeting pleasures charm my soul,
 But may thy pow'r my inward foes control——
 If trials wait me, or if ills betide,
 Safe thro' each snare my trembling footsteps guide :
 Or, if prosperity should chance to smile,
 O guard my heart from each enchanting wile ;
 Give me that peace, the world can never give,
 And let me thy devoted servant live :——
 Let every virtue in my conduct shine,
 That all may own, thy influence is divine !——

Let soft compassion plead within my breast
 For all my brethren needy, or distress:
 Though little be my store, yet let me give
 My humble mite their mis'ry to relieve,
 For 'tis more blest to give, than to receive.

}

Let not that hour be banish'd from my mind,
 When this frail clay shall be to dust consign'd;
 But let my soul on Faith's strong pinions rise,
 And view with joy, her mansion in the skies:
 So when the closing scene of life draws nigh,
 The solemn warning comes—"Prepare to die,"
 May no vain fear my trembling soul invade,
 To throw a deeper gloom o'er Death's dark shade!
 Ah! let my blest Redeemer then be near,
 Kindly to chase away each rising fear;
 Strength to o'ercome may he to me impart,
 And with his love revive my sinking heart;
 Support me thro' the solemn trying hour,
 And in my weakness, manifest his pow'r!

ON

THE CONSOLATION

TO BE DERIVED FROM RELIGION.

Written in an hour of great anxiety and distress*.

WHEN sorrow sinks my spirits down,
And grief o'erwhelms my troubled mind,
Faith cries, ' Look up to God alone,
' A refuge thou in him shalt find.'
My soul obeys the sacred word,
And casts her care upon the Lord.

What though Affliction's shades surround
My path; yet God is wise and just,
And oft my fainting soul has found
The promise true on which I trust;
Shall I then doubt his sacred word?
No—let me humbly trust the Lord.

* The Writer was at this time unkindly treated by her Mistress, and not having any home, or a relation in the world to assist her, found her spirits unusually depressed.....EDITOR.

'Tis in the hour of deep distress

That we Religion's comforts prove;

The chast'ning hand we feel and bless

Of God, that scourges us in love.

Though Nature shrinks beneath the rod,

Yet grace reposes still on God!

It is the Lord that strikes the blow,

Let ev'ry murm'ring thought be still:

Oft has he made my cup o'erflow——

And shall I dare dispute his will?

For ever be the thought abhorr'd——

My soul, still wait thou on the Lord!

Wait—till he bids thy sorrows cease,

Till he thy every care remove;

And though thy troubles fast increase,

Thou need'st not doubt thy Father's love:

——Though he delays, yet trust his word,

For true and faithful is the Lord.

Yes, Israel's God was never known
To leave his children in distress:
Mercy and truth surround his throne,
His judgments are in righteousness;
Still shall my soul this truth accord,
I will for ever trust the Lord!

It is unnecessary to remark on the justness of the sentiments of this little piece, or to point out that it gives a faithful delineation of what passes in the pious mind accustomed to refer every thing to God. EDITOR.

TO M. SMITH.

THE INQUIRY.

WHEN late you ask'd, " Where do your parents dwell ? "

Unconscious of the pain your question gave ;
For still this heart with agony will swell

When memory whispers—" They are in the grave."

I have no parents, sadly I reply'd,

While down my cheeks th' unbidden tear would flow,
Nor am I, by the ties of blood allied
To one kind being in this world below.

A tender father's care I never knew,

One only parent blest my early years ;
Beneath a mother's fost'ring shade I grew
From infancy to youth—devoid of fears.

Unknown to me was every cause of grief,
 No anxious cares my happy mind distress,
 Health and content still bloom'd upon my cheek,
 And cheerfulness dwelt ever in my breast.

To youthful minds each object brings delight,
 The world presents unnumber'd charms to view,
 And fancy'd pleasures eagerly invite,
 Yet oft, in vain, the phantom we pursue!

Scarce had I enter'd on the world's wide stage,
 Elate with youth's gay hopes of promis'd bliss,
 When soon a different scene my thoughts engage,
 And into sorrow turn'd my happiness.

For, ah! Disease had fix'd his fatal dart
 Within that breast, far dearer than my own;
 And vain, alas! were all the attempts of art
 To save the destin'd victim from the tomb!

Tho' many a year has run its circling round
Since my lov'd parent was to dust consign'd ;
Yet in my heart her image yet is found,
Still lives the mother, in her daughter's mind !

One tender tie remain'd—a brother dear—
But he, alas ! Misfortune's victim prov'd,
And oft have I conceal'd the falling tear,
Lest it should wound the bosom which I lov'd !

Chill penury and sickness were his lot,
Yet, was he to his Maker's will resign'd,
And all his wants and sorrows were forgot,
For love divine sustain'd his youthful mind.

He view'd the approach of death with joyful eyes,
And often strove my heavy heart to cheer,
“ Soon,” said the expiring saint, “ I reach the skies,
“ And oh, my sister ! let me meet thee there !”

—Forgive these tears, my Mary,—you have known
Those agonizing pangs that pierce the heart ;
You too have wept o’er a lov’d parent’s tomb,
And felt what ’tis from those we love, to part !

—Now, on the world’s bleak waste, I stand alone,
An unprotected orphan I am left ;
To me, the names of kindred are unknown,
Of each endearing comfort, I’m bereft !

Yet, though a tender sadness fills my breast,
I “ sorrow not as those who have no hope ;”
For to that God who gives the weary rest,
With humble confidence I dare look up.

I know my heavenly Father, good and kind,
Will not, without a cause, his children grieve,
His promises support and cheer my mind,
And countless mercies I from him receive !

O D E

ADDRESSED TO THE GREY COAT SCHOOL * ;

The former scene of my happiest days.

BLEST be the spot, where Charity presides,
Where Pity, for the Orphans' wants provides,
And gently strives to cheer the drooping mind
Of those who erst in want and mis'ry pin'd.

And with kind assiduous care,

Wipes away the falling tear
From the pale cheek, where penury
Had damp't the playful mirth of infancy,

Bids every anxious fear depart,

And heals with soft Compassion's balm, the bleeding heart !

* See an account of this institution, and of the new regulations introduced into it, in a pamphlet entitled, " An Account of two Charity Schools, &c. by Catharine Cappe."

O, sweet employ ! to guide the steps of those
 Who late in ignorance and error stray'd ;
 To snatch the helpless infant from the woes,
 Which cheerless Poverty around her spread.
 To pour instruction o'er the mind,
 Ere now in ignorance confin'd ;
 Each youthful bosom to inspire
 With sacred Virtue's gen'rous fire,
 To point them upwards to that blest abode,
 Where dwells enthron'd in light, their maker—GOD.

And oh, how sweet to tell the love
 Which the Messiah bore,
 When, for our sakes, he left his seat above,
 And our weak, sinful nature wore ;
 When Angels wond'ring stood to see
 The Lord of life hang bleeding on the tree ;—
 Amaz'd to hear such love, they raise
 Their lisping tongues to sing,—their great Redeemer's
 praise.

Within that tranquil calm retreat,
The kindred Virtues love to meet,
 (Religion leads the train)
And listens to the Orphan's song,
Whilst Echo doth the notes prolong ;—
 Harmonious, grateful strain !
There, white rob'd Innocence is seen,
And Cheerfulness, with look serene,
 Mild, unassuming Modesty,
 Content and smiling Industry ;
Whilst Heaven's approving eye surveys,
How in sweet piety they pass their peaceful days.

Be ever blest ye gen'rous souls,
Attentive to the tender calls,
 Of soft Humanity !
Who, in the dwelling of despair,
Bid the seraph, Hope, appear
To ease the anguish of the throbbing breast,
By fond parental fears distrest.

Dear honour'd guardians of my infancy,
Whose kindness cheer'd my opening morn,
May all who feel your gentle sway,
With gratitude your cares repay :

With rapture may your bosoms glow
With kindling joy may you behold,
In those, so late a prey to want and woe,
The buds of virtue first begin t' unfold.

Still follow Mercy's golden rule,
And with redoubled zeal pursue
The godlike end you have in view,
While thousands yet unborn,

Shall bless the generous founders of the Grey Coat School.

PARAPHRASE

OF MATT. xi. 28.

“COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY
“LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.”

COME every soul by sin opprest,
And burden'd with the heavy load,
Enter into your Saviour's rest,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

He calls the weary wand'rer home,
And can you still that call refuse?
E'en sinners he invites to come,
His kindness, will you yet abuse?

See where your gracious Saviour stands
Waiting each outcast to receive,
For you he spreads his pierced hands,
Ah! be not faithless, but believe!

Believe in Him who died for you *,
 Who died, that you might ever live !
 He will your fainting strength renew †,
 And grace and glory to you give.

* There is a sense, and a very important one, in which the Editor can here join issue with the Author ; for if our blessed Lord had not died a violent as well as a public death, we of this distant day could not have had the proofs we now possess of the reality of his death, and should have wanted the peculiar consolations we now enjoy in consequence of his triumphant resurrection from the dead, and of his ascension to a state of glory ; by which, to adopt the highly figurative language of an Apostle, “ he led captivity captive, and obtained gifts for men ;” viz. the gifts of the Holy Spirit. He may therefore not unjustly be said, to have *died for us*, i. e. for our benefit.

† “ He will your fainting strength renew”—Here again the Editor can adopt the language of the Author, since Christ is justly said to do, whatever is effected by his gospel. Editor.

O hasten then, refuse no more

To hear your honour'd Shepherd's voice ;

To bear your burden he has pow'r,

His love can make the heart rejoice.

WRITTEN

UNDER GREAT DOUBT, AND ANXIETY OF MIND, 1801.

O THOU whose piercing eye surveys
 The inmost secrets of my soul,
 O guide me in thy sacred ways,
 And all my actions, Lord, controul.

Wisely to choose is my desire *,
 But O do thou that choice direct,
 And let thy grace my soul inspire,
 The false pretender to detect.

* If young Ladies who move in a sphere however different from that of a simple cook-maid, would in this instance follow her example, and intreat of God to direct and bless their matrimonial connections, should we hear so frequently of their uniting themselves with men of the most unprincipled and libertine character?—Would our Newspapers be filled with so many unhappy cases in Doctors Commons, and would the manners of too many among the great continue to be, as they are at present, a disgrace and a reproach to their country? EDITOR.

My future happiness or woe,
Upon my present choice depend,
Show me the way I ought to go
And be my Father, and my Friend!

Let not this treach'rous heart of mine
To inclination yield the sway,
But unto thee my fate resign,
And wait, till thou shalt point the way.

PRAISE

FOR THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

LUKE ii. 13, 14. “AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH
“THE ANGEL A MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST
“PRAISING GOD AND SAYING, GLORY TO GOD IN
“THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL
“TOWARDS MEN.”

AWAKE my muse, awake and sing
The praises of thy heav'nly King;
Awake and join the sacred throng,
The Saviour's love demands thy song,
In grateful strains attune thy lyre
And emulate th' Angelic choir,
Loudly the joyful news proclaim
Salvation, is in Jesus' name!
Salvation! shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.

Tell ev'ry fearful trembling soul,
 The Saviour's word shall make him whole,
 Invite the indigent to come,
 Jesus declares there still is room :
 Jesus! that name shall calm their fears,
 Dispel their doubts and dry their tears,
 Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast,
 And give the weary mourner rest:—
 Jesus! my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 To him in grateful strains I'll sing;
 I'll praise him whilst I have my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 O may my happy spirit rise
 To join the chorus in the skies!

A VALENTINE,

ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR TO A. B.

FEB. 14. 1802.

NO tales of love to you I send

No hidden flame discover,

I glory in the name of Friend

Disclaiming that of Lover.

And now while each fond sighing youth

Repeats his vows of love and truth,

Attend to this advice of mine;

With caution choose a Valentine.

Heed not the Fop who loves himself,

Nor let the Rake your love obtain;

Choose not the Miser for his pelf,

The Drunkard, treat with cold disdain.

The Profligate with caution shun,

His race of ruin soon is run:

To none of these your heart incline,

Nor choose from them a Valentine.

But, should some gen'rous youth appear
Whose honest mind is void of art,
Who shall his Maker's laws revere,
And serve him with a willing heart.
Who owns fair Virtue for his guide,
Nor from her precepts turns aside ;
To him at once your heart resign,
And bless your faithful Valentine.

Though in this wilderness below
You still imperfect bliss shall find,
Yet such a friend will share each woe,
And bid you be to Heav'n resign'd :
While Faith unfolds the radiant prize,
And Hope still points beyond the skies,
At life's dark storms you'll not repine,
But bless the day of Valentine.

VALENTINE

TO R. R. WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, FEB. 14. 1802.

CUSTOM, whose laws we all allow,
And bow before his shrine,
Has so ordain'd, my Friend, that you,
Are now my Valentine.

Ah, could my humble Muse aspire
To catch the flame divine !
These are the gifts that I'd require
For thee, my Valentine !

May Virtue o'er thy steps preside
And in thy conduct shine ;
May Truth and Wisdom ever guide
And guard my Valentine.

May Piety, seraphic maid!

Her influence divine

Shed on thy head, and ever lead,

And bless my Valentine.

Life's dang'rous paths safe may'st thou tread,

Shielded by Grace divine;

And when these artless lines are read,

Think on thy Valentine!

TO AN
ACQUAINTANCE,

ON HER MARRIAGE—ACCOMPANIED BY A SMALL
PRESENT, 1802.

THOUGH small the gift to you I send,
Acceptance let it meet,
For even trifles from a Friend
To Friendship's eye, are sweet.

O may you ev'ry blessing prove
The marriage state can give;
Enjoy the sweets of mutual love,
And blest, and blessing, live!

And may the Youth whom you prefer
Prove worthy of your choice;
May he his Maker's laws revere,
And in his ways rejoice.

For Piety can cheer the mind
Which various cares depress,
Can give, (what worldlings never find)
Contentment, joy, and peace !

Though gloomy prospects should arise
And cast a shade around ;
Confide in Him who built the skies,
In Him your help is found.

All those who on his aid depend,
Who in his name confide,
Shall find in him a faithful Friend,
A Father, and a Guide.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. T. WITHERS, APRIL, 1802.

“ THE BLESSING OF HIM THAT WAS READY TO PERISH
“ CAME UPON HER, AND SHE CAUSED THE HEART OF
“ THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN TO SING FOR JOY.”

ONCE more my weeping Muse attunes her lyre,
Once more she tries the elegiac strain ;
And though she boasts no rich poetic fire,
Nor forms a wish the meed of Fame to gain ;

Yet doth this heart with warm affection glow,
Soft gratitude my feeble lays inspire,
WITHERS, for thee these streaming sorrows flow,
For thee, to mournful notes, I touch the lyre.

Yes, my lov'd Benefactress! in this heart
 Thy cherish'd image evermore shall dwell,
 Nor from thy lov'd idea will I part,
 Long as this falt'ring tongue thy worth can tell!

Dear, gen'rous guardian of my early years,
 With grateful tenderness I oft review
 Thy kind solicitude, thy watchful cares,
 Till sorrowing thoughts, my tearful grief, renew.

Whene'er in Folly's path I heedless stray'd,
 Thy friendly voice my erring steps reprov'd ;
 I heard the call, and eagerly obeyed,
 In hope once more to be by thee approv'd.

But now no more can I thy aid receive,
 That aid, which all who sought, were sure to gain,
 For 'twas thy greatest pleasure to relieve,
 And sooth the victim of disease and pain.

The wretched and the poor were still thy care,
The weak and needy, found in thee a friend ;
For thee to heav'n the Widow's fervent pray'r,
For thee the Orphan's blessings did ascend !

Yon sorrowing throng, whom late thy bounty fed,
Who from thy lib'ral hand found sure relief,
Now mourn in tears their Benefactress dead,
And in pathetic strains, express their grief !

See drown'd in tears, yon lately smiling band
Of helpless Infants, who thy loss deplore,
Now fill'd with grief the artless mourners stand,
And weeping tell, that WITHERS is no more !

Yet while we mourn thy loss, we'll raise our eyes,
And view by faith the palm and starry crown ;
Faith shall unfold the glories of the skies,
And point to joys that live beyond the tomb !

Why then lament?—Sure they are greatly blest
Who to their Saviour can their souls entrust,
For them he hath prepar'd a place of rest,
Where Hope itself is in fruition lost.

No longer then of WITHERS' death complain,
Rather rejoice that all her suff'rings cease;
For her "to live, was Christ, to die was gain,"
And now she triumphs in the realms of peace!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE DR. ROBERT CAPPE,

On a voyage to Italy, for the recovery of his health*,
November 16, 1802.

IF modest worth and sweetness could obtain
A respite from the tyrant's conquering hour,
Lamented CAPPE ! then had we not in vain
Implor'd for thee, Health's renovating pow'r.

But ah ! nor prayers, nor tears can ought avail
To ward from thee, the last decisive blow,
With grief we see each varied method fail,
Compell'd to leave thee to the ruthless foe !

* He attended the Author in a severe illness already alluded to, in the year 1800, and was happily instrumental to her recovery.

Say ye, who oft have felt his healing aid,
 And blest the hand by which ye were restor'd ;
 How great the tenderness which he display'd,
 What anxious kindness in each gentle word !
 Mute is that tongue, whose soothing accents cheer'd
 The languid soul, by Sickness dire oppress ;
 Clos'd are those eyes, which, when Distress appear'd,
 Spoke the warm feelings of a gen'rous breast !
 That heart which keenly felt for others' woe,
 Has ceas'd to beat, and can be pain'd no more ;
 O'er his pale corpse the wat'ry billows flow,
 Far distant from his once lov'd native shore * !

* See Memoirs of his Life, by the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, affixed
 to a volume of Sermons, lately published, of his late Father's, the
 Rev. Newcome Cappe. EDITOR.

What ! though no sculptur'd monument appears,
No pompous epitaphs his praise express,
From num'rous eyes the tributary tears
Far more than words, his real worth express !

Mysterious Heav'n ! how wond'rous are thy ways !
Yet let not us presume those ways to scan,
Nor dare, 'gainst God, a murm'ring thought to raise,
For resignation, is the part of man.

INVITATION

TO THE SACRAMENT.

THE Lord of hosts a feast prepares,
And bids the poor and needy come ;
Ye wand'ers haste ! for he declares
For every sinner there is room.

Ye broken hearted, self abhorr'd,
Who groan beneath the weight of sin,
Approach the table of the Lord,
His word hath pow'r to make you clean.

Ye faithful followers of the Lord,
Whom the unthinking world despise,
Who boldly dare his love record,
Now let your pray'rs, like incense, rise.

Here, in the mystic bread and wine,
Your Saviour's death you see display'd ;
Here, the Redeemer's glories shine,
'Tis here his faithful ones are fed.

Behold ! his body bruis'd and torn,
Mangl'd and scourg'd by cruel men ;
See on his head the thorny crown,
The crown of agony and pain !

Those feet, " so beautiful," which brought
" Good tidings of salvation" nigh ;
Those hands, so oft in pray'r stretch'd out,
Now on the cross extended lie !

The soldiers mocking, bend the knee
And " Hail King of the Jews," exclaim,
Whilst bare contempt, and infamy,
Are heap'd upon his sacred name !

Those voices, which so lately cry'd
 “ Hosanna to king David's Son,”
Now shout, “ Let him be crucified,”
 And lo ! the impious deed is done !

Behold him on th' accursed tree,
 Behold the blood flow from his side :
Sinner, that blood was shed for thee;
 For thee, thy Lord and Saviour dy'd !

Ye who this Saviour love, draw near,
 Once more your sacred cov'nant seal,
His own blest ordinance revere,
 And all your wants to him reveal.

Wayfaring pilgrims, bound for Heav'n,
 And trav'ling through a dang'rous road,
Lord, let thy grace to us be giv'n,
 And guide us to thy blest abode !

May all who now assemble here,
And Jesus “ Lord and Master ” call ;
In yon bright realms of bliss appear,
Where God, we know, is “ all in all *.”

* 1 Cor. xv. 24—29.

ON
MY BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 5, 1803.

AND now another year is gone,
Another natal hour I view ;
The past will never more return,
O may I well begin the new !

May I devote this year to God,
And in his service spend my days,
Direct my conduct by his word,
And only live, his name to praise !

May I resolve to bear the cross,
My Saviour's steps with zeal pursue,
To count my highest gain but loss,
Till faith and love my soul renew !

If Sin entice my wand'ring heart,
Or Pleasure's form my soul allure ;
Oh may I feel Contrition's smart,
Nor rest, till I obtain the cure !

As life's delusive maze I tread,
Still let me in thy name confide ;
Amidst the dangers round me spread,
Do thou vouchsafe to be my guide !

ADDRESSED

DURING MY OWN SEVERE ILLNESS,

TO THE KINDEST OF HUSBANDS.

WHY heaves my RICHARDSON that piercing sigh?

Why thus to unavailing grief give way?

Why dost thou raise to Heav'n that mournful eye,

That agonizing look of deep dismay?

What! though disease has o'er thy Charlotte spread

Its pallid hue, and wither'd every bloom,

Though balmy health from her pale cheek is fled,

And wasting sickness bears her to the tomb;

Ah! why regret that all her pains shall cease?

Why sorrow, that her weary days are past?

That in yon mansions of eternal peace,

Her stedfast soul shall find relief at last.

There, sin and sorrow shall assail no more
Her happy spirit ; there, increasing joy
Shall fill her soul ; and ever to adore
Her God and Saviour, be her sweet employ !

Fain would she bow submissive to his will,
Nor at her Maker's dread decree repine,
Would bid each rising, murn'ring thought, be still,
And calmly thee, her best belov'd ! resign.

But ah ! fond Nature, here asserts her claim,
And re-assumes her empire in this breast,
Affection binds me with her pow'rful chain,
For who like me, have been so truly blest !

Unequal'd love and tenderness were thine,
Which time, not lessen'd, but the more increas'd ,
In thee the lover and the friend combine,
Deep in my heart, thy kindness is impress'd.

WHEN THREATENED
WITH AN INVASION,

In the Summer of 1803.

ALMIGHTY God, with pitying eye
Look down upon our troubled land,
To thee alone for aid we cry,
We trust in thy all-pow'rful hand:
Once more let war and discord cease,
Restore again the joys of peace!

With grief and shame, Lord, we confess
That our iniquities abound;
Our sins, alas! are numberless,
Light in the balance we are found!
Whilst vice on ev'ry side we see,
How dare we lift our eyes to thee!

Thy holy sabbaths are profan'd ;
 Each daring sinner, slights thy word !
 Thy sacred name how oft blasphem'd ;
 What multitudes forget their God !
 Lord, humbled in the dust we own
 Our sins have call'd thy judgments down !

A favour'd nation we have been,
 Blest with the gospel's joyful sound ;
 Justice in Britain held her reign,
 And faithful pastors there were found :
 —Well may we fear, so base we've prov'd,
 Our gospel light may be remov'd !

Yet, are there not a pious few
 Who deeply mourn these ills to see ?
 For Zion's welfare who renew,
 'Their supplications Lord to thee !
 Vouchsafe to hear their earnest pray'r,
 And our endanger'd country spare !

PARAPHRASE

WRITTEN IN MY DEAR HUSBAND'S LAST ILLNESS.

“ LEAVE THY FATHERLESS CHILDREN, I WILL PROTECT
“ THEM, AND LET THY WIDOWS TRUST IN ME.”

JER. xlix. 11.

‘ WHY is thy heart with grief opprest ?
‘ And why hath sorrow fill’d thy breast ?
‘ These flowing tears restrain ;
‘ Still to thy Maker’s will, divine
‘ Submissive bow, nor dare repine
‘ At ought he shall ordain !

- ‘ Commit thyself to me, thy LORD,
‘ Repose thyself upon my word,
 ‘ And in my truth confide ;
‘ Thy tender babes shall be my care,
‘ I’ll guard them from each hurtful snare,
 ‘ And for their wants provide.
- ‘ If they my statutes shall observe,
‘ I them from evil will preserve,
 ‘ And be their constant friend ;
‘ I’ll bless them with my saving grace,
‘ I’ll lead them through the paths of peace,
 ‘ To joys that never end.
- ‘ No longer then in sadness grieve,
‘ But in my promises believe,^
 ‘ Which stedfast are and sure ;
‘ Thy dearest comforts now resign,
‘ And raise thy thoughts to joys divine,
 ‘ And to the end endure.’

Here then my soul, securely rest,
Nor let one anxious fear molest,
Or more disturb thy peace,
Whate'er thy Maker shalt decree,
Is wise, and good, and best for thee,
His ways are righteousness.

And thou, dear partner of my heart,
Repine not, though we now must part,
But with submission bow,
For He who crown'd our marriage state
With blessings numerous and great,
Can higher bliss bestow.

United by the tend'rest love,
Severe indeed the stroke will prove
That shall that union rend ;
'Though painful now to part, yet soon
We meet where sorrow is unknown,
Where joy shall never end.

AFTER THE
D E A T H

OF MY DEAR HUSBAND, 1804.

BEREFT of all I lov'd below,
Of all that could this life endear,
My blooming prospects chang'd to wo,
How gloomy does the scene appear !

Whatever way I turn mine eyes,
No gleam of comfort can I see,
For all that my fond heart could prize
Was centred, RICHARDSON ! in thee.

Yes, thou wert dearer to my soul
Than all this flatt'ring world can give ;
My life, my treasure, and my all,
For thee alone I wish'd to live !

Fondly I dream'd of lasting bliss,

But ah ! how soon my dream was broke.

And all my boasted happiness

Was ended, by that fatal stroke !

A Widow's mournful name I bear,

By sorrow and by care opprest,

No sounds of joy salute mine ear,

And grief sits heavy on my breast.

My Infant smiles and looks so gay,

Redoubling every pain I feel :

To grief and mis'ry a prey,

What can my wounded bosom heal ?

My God ! to thee I raise mine eyes,

Calm resignation I implore ;

O let no murm'ring thought arise,

But humbly, let me still adore.

With meek submission, may I bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;
Nor think my trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.

For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise
For all our keenest suff'rings here.

Now, Lord, thy needful aid afford,
Nor let me sink in deep despair,
Aid me to trust thy sacred word,
To find my sweetest comforts there.

Though thorns and briers choke the way
My trembling feet are doom'd to tread ;
Though clouds of terror and dismay
Are bursting o'er my helpless head ;

Yet Faith unveils a brighter scene,
Where all life's painful conflicts cease,
Where no dark clouds e'er intervene,
No sorrows e'er disturb our peace!

TO

MY INFANT ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, sweet babe, for thou canst sleep !

No sorrows rend thy peaceful breast,
Thy pensive Mother wakes to weep,
Depriv'd by grief of balmy rest !

May angels watch around thy bed
Thee safe from ev'ry ill defend ;
May Heav'n unnumber'd blessings shed,
And be thy never failing friend !

Sleep on, sleep on, my baby dear,
Thy little heart from sorrow free,
Knows not the anxious pangs that tear
Thy Mother's breast, sweet babe, for thee !

Soft be thy slumbers, Sorrow's child !
 Serene and tranquil be thy rest ;
 Oft have thy smiles my tears beguil'd,
 And sooth'd my agitated breast !

Thine infant tongue has never known
 A father's name, nor can thine eyes
 Recal to mind the graceful form,
 That low in Death's embraces lies !

But I, in thee delight to trace,
 That form, so tenderly belov'd !
 To picture in thy smiling face
 His image, far from earth remov'd !

His pious cares thou canst not share,
 Nor can he guide thy tender youth,
 Or guard thee from each hurtful snare,
 Or lead thee in the paths of truth !

The sad, yet pleasing task, be mine
To virtue's ways, thy mind to form,
To point to thee those truths divine,
Which in the gospel are made known.

With Reason's dawn thou shalt be taught,
Thy father's God betimes to know ;
The wonders he for us hath wrought,
Shall be thy mother's task to show.

Each rising, and each setting sun,
Thy little hands in pray'r shall raise,
And early, shalt thine infant tongue
Be taught to lisp thy Maker's praise !

TO
MY DEAREST FRIEND M.S—,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

TO hail my Mary's natal day,
The Muse her simple tribute brings ;
Accept, dear friend, the artless lay
Which from affection's bosom springs.

Oh Mary, may each added year,
Be with increasing comforts crown'd ;
May no corroding, anxious care,
No adverse storms your bosom wound !

How many in their early bloom,
Who vainly banish'd every fear,
Are sleeping in the silent tomb,
Whilst you are spar'd another year ?

Too many have unheeded past,
 And death may now be drawing nigh;
 This year perhaps may be your last—
 Are you, my friend, prepar'd to die?

Should you now hear the awful sound,
 “ The bridegroom comes, ye dead arise,
 “ Awake, ye prisoners of the tomb,
 “ And meet your Saviour in the skies.”

Could you with hope lift up your head,
 And joy to see the judge appear?
 Or would your soul be fill'd with dread,
 O'erwhelm'd with agonizing fear?

O may the pow'r of truth divine,
 Shine forth in radiant lustre bright,
 Dispel all darkness from your mind,
 And fill your soul with heav'nly light!

Then shall you find this maxim true,
“ Religious paths, are paths of peace,”
Her pleasures are for ever new,
Her precepts lead to happiness.

Should threat'ning storms around you rise,
And temporal prospects dark appear,
Religion points beyond the skies,
She bids you hope for comfort there.

HE SLEEPS. 1805.

OFT as I wander round the spot,

To Sorrow sacred made,

Beneath whose consecrated turf

My RICHARDSON is laid;

My bleeding heart again recalls

Past hours of heart-felt bliss,

Whilst mem'ry only serves to make

My sorrows flow afresh!

But soft! methinks I hear a voice

Descending from above

Which cries, ‘ my chast’ning hand I lay

‘ On those I dearly love ;

‘ To try their faith, their love to me,

‘ I bid their joys decrease,

‘ But all who on my word rely,

‘ In me find perfect peace.

My God ! I hear thine awful voice,
And dare no more repine,
Humbled beneath thy mighty arm,
I own the stroke divine !
I'll strive to overcome this grief ;
Assist me with thy grace,
And let me in Affliction's hour,
Possess my soul in peace !

For ah ! why should this wayward heart
In fruitless sorrow mourn,
Since pain and sorrow are the lot,
Of all of woman born ;
My RICHARDSON from every woe
Has found a sweet release,
And in the mansions of the tomb,
He sleeps, and is at peace !

No more can Envy's secret sting
Its pois'nous canker spread,
Malice and Calumny no more
Their baneful venom shed,
Vain are their efforts now to wound,
Their idle rage may cease,
For safe within the silent tomb,
He sleeps, and is at peace !

But chief, no more the tyrant Sin,
Can e'er his soul enslave,
The captive's loosen'd from his chains,
Through Jesu's pow'r to save,
His warfare now is at an end,
And all his conflicts cease,
For ever freed, he now enjoys,
Uninterrupted peace !

But, when th' Archangel's voice is heard,
 Resounding through the skies,
 (That voice which cleaves the pond'rous tombs,
 And bids the dead arise)
 The graves obedient hear the call,
 Their prisoners release,
 And all who sleep in Jesus now,
 Shall reign with him in peace.

May I, at that tremendous hour,
 With holy joy awake,
 And, with the ransom'd of the Lord,
 In endless bliss partake ;
 My RICHARDSON I then shall join,
 Where pain and parting cease,
 And spend a sweet eternity,
 In harmony and peace :

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO MR. M——R *,

JUNE 1805.

MATHER, 'tis thine, with heav'n-directed skill,
 To stay the progress of th' insidious foe,
 To bid the pallid cheek, where sickness reigns,
 Once more with health's reviving tints to glow.
 O may that skill, exerted for his aid,
 Once more succeed my infant to restore;
 That I no longer may his suff'rings mourn,
 Or, in my child, again his Sire deplore!

Then shall my fervent pray'rs for thee ascend,
 To him, who oft hath crown'd thee with success,
 My infant too shall join his voice with mine,
 The kind restorer of his health, to bless!

May heaven indulgent, grant me this request
 And peace again shall reign within my troubled breast.

* An excellent Surgeon who kindly attended the Infant. EDITOR

PRAYER

FOR MY AFFLICTED CHILD,

JULY 1805.

GREAT GOD ! with rev'rence I draw near

And bow before thy throne,

Vouchsafe to bend a gracious ear

Whilst I my griefs make known.

Maternal love awakes my fears,

Maternal love excites my tears,

To thee I fly for succour Lord,

For who, but Thou, canst help afford?

O let me not in vain implore

Thy kind, thy healing aid,

But now let thy Almighty pow'r

Be for my help display'd:

O hear a widow'd mother's pray'r,
 My infant's life in pity spare,
 Preserve my child, his sickness heal,
 Compassionate the grief I feel.

With pitying eye his suff'rings view,
 His agonies severe *.

Now, while I for thy mercy sue,
 For his relief appear :

O Thou who art the widow's friend,
 In mercy to my aid descend,
 Now speak the sweet reviving word,
 " Thy prayer is heard, thy child's restor'd."

But if, (for well thou knowst, O Lord)
 His future life would be,
 Such as by thee would be abhorr'd,
 A life of infamy :

* The Infant was at this time afflicted with a most excruciating pain in his head., EDITOR.

If he thy sacred laws would slight,
And in the paths of vice delight,
O save him from this dreadful doom,
And snatch him from the ills to come !

Keenly indeed my heart will feel
The separating blow,
Yet, Lord, thy grace my wounds can heal,
Can soften every woe ;
From Thee I did my child receive,
To Thee that dear lov'd child I give,
The pray'r my soul would now make known
Is, “ not my will, but thine be done.”

Be life, or death, ordain'd his lot,
I am, O Lord, resign'd,
Nor would I breathe a murm'ring thought
At aught by thee assign'd ;

Though Nature mourns, yet Grace shall rise
And view my child in yonder skies,
There, when the storms of life are o'er,
Grant we may meet, to part *no more*.

TO

MRS. P——, NORTH STREET.

HOW oft, my dearest friend, your happy state
Recalls past images of bliss to view,
When I enjoy'd felicity as great,
As that, my Anna, now possess'd by you !

Like yours, my days once glided smoothly on,
No soul-corroding grief prey'd on my breast ;
Now, sad reverse, those peaceful days are gone,
Remembrance only tells, I once was blest !

Through yonder groves, to catch the cooling breeze
Of ev'ning mild, we oft were wont to stray,
Mark where the moon-beams glitter thro' the trees,
Or on the water's trembling surface play !

With what delight our raptur'd eyes survey'd
 Yon azure vault, where worlds unnumber'd roll ;
 And our united adoration paid
 To Him whose arm sustains the wond'rous whole.

But now, these scenes which once could give delight,
 Though still their matchless glories are the same,
 In vain present their beauties to my sight,
 And court the notice of mine eyes in vain.

No longer RICHARDSON this pleasure shares,
 And all without him seems a dreary void ;
 The world appears a wilderness of cares,
 My every plan of happiness destroy'd !

You too, my Anna, when your sand is run,
 Must quit the object of your tend'rest love,
 Or else with tears bedew a husband's urn,
 And all a widow'd mother's anguish prove.

If such your lot, O may that gracious God
Who makes the Widow his peculiar care,
Support you under his chastising rod,
Until the perfect joys of Heav'n you share.

THE WIDOW:

IMITATED

From a Piece of Mr. MONTGOMERY's of Sheffield.

WHAT murm'ring sounds are those I hear

Which, floating on the dying breeze,

Bespeak some thoughtful wand'rer near?

Again! what mournful notes are these?

'Tis the lone Widow's plaintive moan

Resounding through the solemn shade,

She comes to seek the humble stone

That tells her, where her love was laid:

On the fresh grave she turns her eyes,

Where all that was her treasure lies:

Not for herself alone her sorrows flow,

A Mother's love augments the Widow's woe!

The Infant, cradled on her breast
 Unconscious of its Mother's woe,
 Enjoys the sweets of tranquil rest
 Nor feels the winds that round him blow.
 With soften'd eye the Mother views
 That countenance so mild, so fair,
 And her fond fancy loves to muse
 On the dear form reflected there,
 But soon she starts with anguish wild
 As gazing on her sleeping child
 She sees his Father's image shine confest,
 And clasps him closer to her throbbing breast.

The Babe awaking, lifts his head
 And wonders why his Mother weeps——
 He knows not, in that lowly bed,
 Beneath that turf, his Father sleeps!
 Each sportive art he vainly tries
 Some fond endearment to obtain,

To catch the notice of her eyes

And see her smile on him again :

She heeds him not, her swelling breast

By all a Widow's grief opprest,

While the big tears flow down her faded cheek

And piercing groans, her heartfelt anguish speak.

The winds that whistle o'er her head,

The rustling leaves that round her fall,

The gloom of Night's approaching shade,

Conspire the wand'rer to appal :

Then Memory, too officious, tells

Of pleasures, now for ever flown,

Still on the dear remembrance dwells,

Till Reason totters on her throne :

Ah, then, what horrors shake her soul !

What clouds of darkness round her roll !

With frantic mien she seeks the darkest shades,

And wild Despair, her trembling frame invades.

Her weeping Babe affrighted clings
 Around her neck ; his plaintive cries
 Unloosens all the tender springs,
 Bids each maternal feeling rise.
 In him she soothes her wounded mind,
 She feels her grief's excess reprov'd,
 Views the sweet pledge still left behind,
 The image of the saint she lov'd.
 Though of her dearest hopes bereft,
 Yet, thankful for the treasure left,
 She bends to Heav'n with gratitude sincere,
 And learns to trust, be patient, and revere.—

For lo ! descending from the skies,
 In robes of orient light array'd,
 Appears to glad her wond'ring eyes
 Religion ; her reviving aid
 Dispels the clouds drawn by Despair,
 A brighter scene unfolds to view,

Bids her on God repose her care,
Nor seek her sorrows to renew :
She points her to yon realms above
Where dwells the spirit of her love,
Instructs her how to bear the chast'ning rod,
And in Affliction's furnace, glorify her God.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
OUR MARRIAGE,

OCT. 31. 1805.

THREE fleeting years have past, since on this day
To RICHARDSON my willing hand I gave ;
Ere two were gone, I mourn'd his breathless clay,
And saw him laid in yonder silent grave.

Alas ! how quickly was my sun o'ercast,
Soon night's dark shade obscur'd his golden beams,
How all my smiling prospects prov'd at last
As transient as the morning's airy dreams !

Ah, why, too faithful Memory ! dost thou tell
Of scenes, which serve but to increase my pain,
Why on his varied excellencies dwell,
And make me feel the parting pang again ?

Come, meek-ey'd Resignation, to my aid,
Suppress the rising sigh, the gushing tear,
Let thy mild influence my soul pervade,
Compose my griefs, my drooping spirits cheer.

Come, humble Faith, and to my longing eyes
Unfold the joys which happy spirits prove,
That I may strive to win the glorious prize,
And join with them to sing a Saviour's love.

Come, cheering Hope, and cast within the vail
Thy anchor stedfast and for ever sure,
The promise of my Lord shall never fail,
“ Blessed are they that to the end endure.”

Come, holy Love, possess this heart of mine
From all tormenting cares my mind release,
And fit me for those realms of bliss divine,
Where Love shall reign when Faith and Hope shall
cease.

ON

BEING SLIGHTED BY SOME WHO HAD PROFESSED

LASTING FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP ! thou oft abused name,

How seldom is thy sacred flame

By its professors known ;

Awhile they seem to be sincere,

But if Adversity appear

How soon their love is gone !

When prosp'rous fortune smil'd around,

A friend in ev'ry face I found,

Who seem'd devoid of art ;

By fair appearances deceiv'd,

Their friendship I sincere believ'd,

And plac'd them in my heart.

But when Adversity drew near
With aspect rugged and severe,
And seiz'd me as her prey ;
When Sorrow pierc'd my widow'd breast,
And adverse storms my soul opprest,
With anguish and dismay ;

When sinking underneath the blow,
Which laid my earthly comforts low,
I sought relief to find
From those, who still to me were dear,
Too soon I found what seem'd sincere,
Was wavering as the wind.

'Tis in Affliction's dreary hour,
That Friendship's lenient hand should pour
The salutary balm,
Which in affection may be found
Of pow'r to heal the deepest wound,
To make the tempest calm.

But ah ! how little have ye known
Of Friendship, who could thus disown

 The victim of distress ;
Could leave the mind by anguish torn,
In lonely misery to mourn,
 Past scenes of happiness.

Their alter'd manners I essay,
With cool indifference to repay,
 But vain the attempt is found,
The dear delusion cherish'd long,
Has every tender feeling wrung,
 And open'd every wound.

Yet am I not of all bereft,
A little remnant yet is left,
 Who still unchang'd remain;
Whose hearts with kind compassion glow,
Who sympathise in every woe,
 And soften every pain.

O ye whose fost'ring bosoms melt,
At sorrows by another felt,

Ye friends so firm and true ;
So long as Memory holds her seat,
My heart shall never cease to beat,
With grateful love for you.

But chief, to him who bade your souls,
Responsive beat at Pity's calls,

My highest praise be given ;
And may the friendship now so sweet,
Be, when around his throne we meet,
Renew'd again in Heaven !

ODE,
ON VISITING
THE RETREAT,
NEAR YORK;

A House erected by the Society of Friends, for the reception of
Insane Persons.

HAIL to these tranquil shades, this calm retreat,
Scenes sacred to the children of Despair !
Here mild Benevolence has fix'd her seat,
And here, the social Virtues oft repair.
Compassion tries each soothing art,
And Sympathy, with pitying eye,
Pours balm into the bleeding heart,
And breathes the sorrowing sigh ;
Here modest Meekness dwells, and here
Humanity dispels each fear ;
Attentive, they by every method strive,
The glimmering spark of reason to revive.

In safety here, the maniac wildly roves,
 No curious eyes his wand'ring steps descry,
 As swift he paces through these shady groves,
 Or on the landscape casts his vacant eye.

Here, Melancholy, pensive child,
 Sits list'ning to the wood-lark's strains,
 Or in sad accents, sweetly wild,

Of all her fancied woe complains.

That downcast look, that head reclin'd,

Those tresses waving with the wind,

The ruin of her lovely form,

Her dress neglected and forlorn,

All speak a mind by anguish torn—

While oft beneath the spreading shade,

Of yonder weeping willow laid,

She weaves fresh garlands for her lover's head

Then starts, and breathless listens for his well-known tread.

—Ye mourning relatives, suppress your fears,
For they whose fate, incessant you deplore,
Shall soon return to wipe away your tears,
And happiness again to you restore—
For lo, to calm the tumult of the breast,
Which madness had too long possest ;
To chase away the fiend, Despair,
To clear the brow of gloomy Care ;
Bid pensive Melancholy cease to mourn,
Calm Reason re-assume her seat ;
Each intellectual power return,

Heaven bade this structure rise, and call'd it the RETREAT.

THANKSGIVING

FOR THE RECOVERY OF MY SICK INFANT.

“CALL UPON ME IN THE TIME OF TROUBLE,
“SO WILL I HEAR THEE, AND THOU SHALT PRAISE ME.”

PSALM l. 15.

BOW'D down beneath a load of grief,
Of sorrow and despair ;
No friend on earth to give relief,
To God I made my pray'r :
The sorrows of my heart I spread,
Before his Mercy Seat ;
And all my secret woes display'd,
And cast them at his feet.

I urg'd the promise of my Lord,
 “ Ask and ye shall receive,”
And mercy for my child implor'd,
 Which he vouchsaf'd to give ;
He turn'd my sorrow into joy,
 My mourning into praise,
Restor'd again my lovely boy,
 And lengthened out his days.

The waves of sorrow o'er my head
 In quick succession flow'd,
And every ray of hope seem'd fled,
 E'en as the morning cloud ;
But he who reigns above the skies,
 Whom heavenly hosts adore,
Vouchsaf'd to hear a Parent's cries,
 And bade me weep no more.

From every danger he defends,
To him my griefs are known,
He gives me kind and tender friends,
Who make these griefs their own :
They try each sympathizing art,
To heal my wounded breast,
And deeply in a grateful heart
Their kindness is imprest.

What shall I render to the Lord
For all that he hath done,
His truth and mercy I'll record,
And make his goodness known.
Protected by Almighty love,
What more can I desire—
But that my future life may prove
Such as his laws require ?

S O N N E T

TO MR. M——R.

O WOULD the muse my feeble lays inspire,
And her celestial aid to me impart ;
Then might I boldly strike the sacred lyre,
And speak the grateful feelings of my heart.

By you restor'd, my darling child I view,
For God vouchsaf'd to bless your gen'rous aid,
And mantling o'er his cheeks, Health's roseate hue
Repairs the ravages disease had made.

O may that God, who first inspir'd your breast
With soft compassion, be your constant guard ;
Long may you live to succour the distress,
A self-approving conscience your reward :
Till crown'd with years and honours, you remove
From earth to heaven to praise Redeeming Love.

ON MEETING ACCIDENTALLY WITH
SOME DRAWINGS COLOURED

BY MY DEAR BROTHER.

THE hand which drew this sportive scene,
And bade these vivid colours bloom,
Which I, with mournful pleasure see,
Lies mould'ring in the silent tomb !

But well this small remembrance brings,
His dear lov'd image to my mind ;
Again, that placid form I view,
Which spoke a heart, compos'd and kind :

And oft, while musing on his worth,
Soft stealing on my list'ning ear,
In accents, sweet as Angels breathe,
His well known voice I seem to hear.

ON THE DEATH OF

ADMIRAL NELSON.

NELSON, who oft has Britain's foes defy'd,
And o'er the seas maintain'd her sov'reign pow'r;
Nelson, the scourge of France—Britannia's pride,
Now yields to Death, near yonder hostile shore.

Long had he been our Country's proudest boast,
And bore the marks of many a well-fought day;
Long had he prov'd a bulwark to our coast,
No danger could his fearless soul dismay.

Oft had the laurel wreath adorn'd his brows,
But all his toils and conquests now are o'er;
See from his breast the crimson current flows,
He sinks! he falls! great Nelson is no more!

Scar'd by the sight, lo Victory veils her head,
 And crown'd with cypress gains Britannia's shores ;
 Britannia mourns, her darling Hero dead,
 And bath'd in tears her Nelson's loss deplores.

Illustrious Chief ! still shall thy honour'd name
 To British hearts, be ever held most dear ;
 Remotest ages shall thy praise proclaim,
 And Nelson's memory gratefully revere.

By thy example fir'd, new chiefs shall rise,
 And taught by thee for aid divine implore ;
 When shouts of victory rend the lofty skies,
 By thee instructed, Heaven's great King adore.

Oft shall the seaman, when his toils are o'er,
 Tell of the feats of war with honest pride ;
 Relate the victory won on Nile's fam'd shore,
 And boast, 'twas there he fought by Nelson's side.

For thee the muse shall raise the lofty strain,
And twine for thee the fairest flow'rs that bloom ;
E'en I, the meanest of the tuneful train,
Would cast a simple flow'ret on thy tomb.

THE END.

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